Best Spring Remedy Ever Formulated

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Miss E. M. Swan Completely Cured of Terrible Blood Troubles That Doctors Could Not Relieve.

In the month of May, it is an absolute necessity that the body should be furnished with a richer and purer supply of blood for the establishment of a health that can successfully cope with the enervating effects of hot, summer weather. Poor blood in May produces listless, ambitionless, sleepless, and sallow-faced men and women, who quickly become victims of some organic disease that ends life.

Intelligent people recognize the necessity of cleansing and fortifying the system in May by using Paine's Celery Compound, which speedily removes all poisons from the system, and gives to the thin, watery blood a larger proportion of red corpuscles, and arouses all the organs of the body to healthy action. Paine's Celery Compound does a work for victims of impure blood that commands the attention of the most eminent medical men in the world. Miss E. M. Swan, Stamford, Conn., says:

"Before I began taking Paine's Celery Compound my blood was in a very bad state, and I had three large abscesses under my right arm, which completely disabled me from work, or even dressing myself. At last I was compelled to have the abscesses opened, when my eczema became worse than ever before. I tried everthing that I could hear of, and also had several of the best doctors, but they did not cure me. I then commenced the use of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had finished the second bottle my abscesses had all healed, and the eczema was almost gone. I am now on my fourth bottle, and am more than happy to say that I have not a pimple or any sign of eczema on my body. I am thankful for the great work that Paine's Celery Compound has done for me."

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signatnre of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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"King of all Bottled Beers." Brewed from Bohemian Hops.

SOLD BY C. S. BRACKETT & Co., WHOLESALE DEALERS.

The Spenders

A Tale of the Third Generation.

By HARRY LEON WILSON.

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CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

The Distressing Adventure of Mrs. Bines.

Mauburn, too, was shrewd enough to see that, while she frankly liked him, he was for some reason less a favorite than the Baron de Palliac.

"It" be no easy matter marrying that girl," he told Mrs. Dreimer. "She's really a dear, and awfully good fun, but she's not a bit silly, and I dare say she'll marry some chap because she likes him, and not because he's anybody, you know."

"Make her like you," insisted his adviser.

"On my word, I wish she did. And I'm not so sure, you know, she doesn't fancy that Frenchman, or even young Milbrey.

"I'll keep you before her," promised Mrs. Dreimer, "and I wish you'd not think you can't win her. 'Tisn't like you."

Miss Bines accordingly heard that it was such a pity young Milbrey drank so, because his only salvation lay in making a rich marriage, and a young man, nowadays, had to keep fairly sober to accomplish that. Really, Mrs. Dreimer felt sorry for the poor weak fellow. "Good-hearted chap, but he has no character, my dear, so I'm afraid there's no hope for him. He has the soul of a merchant tailor, actually, but not the tailor's manhood. Otherwise he'd be above marrying some unsuspecting girl fo her money and breaking her heart after marriage. Now, Mauburn is a type so different; honest, unaffected, healthy, really he's a man for any girl to be proud of, even if he were not heir to a title—one of the best in all England, and an ornament of the most exclusively corect set; of a line, my dear, that is truly great—not like that shoddy French nobility, discredited in France, that sends so many of its comic-opera barons here looking for large dowries to pay their gambling debts and put furniture in their rattletrap old chateaux, and keep them in absinthe and their other peculiar diversions. And Mauburn, you lucky minx, simply adores you—he's quite mad about you, really!"

In spite of Mrs. Dreimer's two-edged sword, Miss Bines continued rather more favorably to the line of De Palliac. The baron was so splendid, so gloomy, so deferential. He had the air of laying at her feet, as a rug, the whole glorious history of France. And he appeared so well in the victoria when they drove in the park.

It is true that the heart of Miss Bines was as yet quite untouched; and it was not more than a cool, dim, aesthetic light in which she surveyed the three suitors impartially, to behold the impressive figure of the baron towering above the others. Had the baron proposed for her hand, it is impossible that, facing the question directly, she would have parried or evaded.

But certain events befell unpropitiously at a time when the baron was most certain of his conquest; at the very time, indeed, when he had determined to open his suit definitely by extending a proposal to the young lady thru the orthodox medium of her nearest male relative.

"I admit," wrote the baron to his expectant father, "that it is what one calls 'very chances' in the English, but one must venture in this country, and your son is not without much hope. And if not, there is still Mlle. Higbee."

The baron shuddered as he wrote it. He preferred not to recognize even the existence of this alternative, for the reason that the father of Mlle. Higbee distressed him by an incompleteness of suavity:.

"He conducts himself like a pork," the baron would declare to himself, by way of perfecting his English.

The secret cause of his subsequent determination not to propose for the hand of Miss Bines lay in the hopelessly middle-class leanings of the lady who might have incurred the supreme honor of becoming his mother-in-law. Had Mrs. Bines been above talking to low people, a catastrophe might have been averted. But Mrs. Bines was not above it. She was quite unable to repress a vulgar interest in the menials that served her.

She knew the butler's life history two days after she had ceased to be afraid of him. She knew the distressing family affairs of the maids; how many were the ignoble progeny of the elevator-man, and what his plebeian wife did for their croup; how much rent the hall-boy's low-born father paid for his mean two-story dwelling in Jersey City; and how many hours a day or night the debased scrub-women devoted to their unrefining toil.

Brazenly, too, she held converse with Philippe, the active and voluble Alsatian who served her when she chose to dine in the public restaurant instead of at her own private table. Philippe acquainted her with the joys and griefs of his difficult profession. There were fourteen thousand waiters in New York, if, by waiters, you meant anyone. Of course there were not so many like Philippe, men of the world who had served their time as assistants and their three years as sub-waiters; men who spoke English, French and German, who knew something of cooking, how to dress a salad, and how to carve. Only such, it appeared, could be members of the exclusive Geneva club that procured a place for you when you were idle, and paid you $8 a week when you were sick.

Having the qualifications, one could earn $25 a month in salary and three or four times as much in gratuities. Philippe's income was never less than $125 a month; for was he not one who had come from Europe as a master, after two seasons at Paris where a man acquires his polish—his perfection of manner, his finish, his grace? Philippe could never enough prize that post-graduate course at the Maison d'Or, where he had personally known—madame might not believe it—the incomparable Casmir, a chef who served two generations of epicures, princes, kings, statesmen, traveling Americans—all the truly great.

With his own lips Casmir had told him, Philippe, of the occasion when Dumas, pere, had invited him to dinner that they might discuss the esoterics of salad dressing and sauces; also of the time when the Marquis de St. Georges embraced Casmir for inventing the precious soup that afterwards became famous as Potage Germine. And now the skilled and puissant Casmir had retired. It was a calamity. The Maison d'Or—Paris—would no longer be what they had been.

For that matter, since one must live, Philippe preferred it to be in America, for in no other country could an adept acquire so much money. And Philippe knew the whole dining world. With Celine and the baby, Paul, Philippe dwelt in an apartment that would really amoxe madame by its appointments of luxury, in East Thirty-eighth street, and only the four flights to climb. And Paul was three, the largest for his age, quite the largest, that either Philippe or Celine had ever beheld. Even the brother of Celine and his wife, who had a restaurant of their own—serving the table d'hote at 2½ francs the plate, with wine—even these swore they had never seen an infant so big, for his years, as Paul.

And so Mrs. Bines grew actually to feel an interest in the creature and his wretched affairs, and even fell into the deplorable habit of saying, "I must come to se you and your wife and Paul come pleasant day, Philippe," and Philippe, being a man of the world, thought none the less of her for believing that she did not mean it.

Yet it befell on an afternoon that Mrs. Bines found herself in a populous side-street, driving home from a visit to the rheumatic scrub-woman who had now to be supported by the papers her miserable offspring sold. Mrs. Bines had never seen so many children as flooded this street. She wondered if an orphan asylum were in the neighborhood. And tho the day was pleasantly warm, she decided that there were about her at least a thousand cases of incipient pneumonia, for not one child in five had on a hat. They raged and dashed and rippled from curb to curb so that they might have made her think of a swift mountain torrent at the bottom of a gloomy canon, but that the worthy woman was too literal-minded for such fancies. She only warned the man to drive slowly.

And then by a street sign she saw that she was near the home of Philippe. It was 3 o'clock, and he would be resting from his work. The man found the number. The waves parted and piled themselves on either side in hushed wonder as she entered the hallway and searched for the name on the little cards under the bells. She had never known the surname, and on two of the cards "Ph." appeared. She rang one of the bells, the door mysteriously opened with a repeated double click, and she began the tollsome climb. The waves of children fell together behind her in turbulent play again.

At the top she breathed a moment and then knocked at a door before her. A voice within called:

"Entrez!" and Mrs Bines opened the door.

It was the tiny kitchen of Philippe. Philippe, himself, in shirt sleeves, sat in a chair tilted back close to the gas range, the Courier des Etats Unis in his hands and Paul on his lap. Celine ironed the bosom of a gentleman's white shirt on an ironing board supported by the backs of two chairs.

Hemmed in the corner by this board and by the gas range, seated at a table covered by the oilcloth that simulates the marble of Italy's most famous quarry, sat, undoubtedly, the Baron Ronault de Palliac. A steaming plate of spaghetti a la Italien was before him, to his left a large bowl of salad, to his right a bottle of red wine.

For a space of three seconds the entire party behaved as if it were being photographed under time exposure. Philippe and the baby stared, motionless. Celine stared, resting no slight weight on the hot flat iron. The Baron Ronault de Palliac stared, his fork poised in mid-air and festooned with gay little streamers of spaghetti.

Then came smoke, the smell of scorching linen, and a cry of horror from Celine.

"Ah, la seule chemise blanche de Monsieur le Baron!"

The spell was broken. Philippe was on his feet, bowing effusively.

"Ah! it is Madame Bines. Je suis tres honore—I am very honored to welcome you, madame. It is madame, ma femme, Celine—and—Monsieur le Baron de Palliac—"

Philippe had turned with evident distress toward the latter. But Philippe was only a waiter, and had not behind him the centuries of schooling that enable a gentleman to remain a gentleman under adverse conditions.

The Baron Ronault de Palliac arose with unruffled aplomb and favored the caller with his stateliest bow. He was at the moment a graceful and silencing rebuke to those who aver that manner and attire be interdependent. The baron's manner was ideal, undiminished in volume, faultless as to decorative qualities. One fitted to savor its exquisite finish would scarce have noted that above his waist the noble gentleman was clad in a single woolen under garment of revolutionary red.

Or, if such a one had observed this trifling circumstance, he would, assuredly, have treated it as of no value to the moment; something to note, perhaps, and then gracefully to forget.

The baron's own behavior would have served as a model. One swift glance had shown him there was no way of instant retreat. That being impossible, none other was graceful; hence none other was to be considered. He permitted himself not even a glance at the shirt upon whose fair, defenseless bosom the iron of the overcome Celine had burned its cruel brown imprimature. Mrs. Bines had greeted him as he would have wished, unconscious, apparently, that there could be cause for embarrassment.

"Ah! madame," he said, handsomely, "you see me, I unfast with the fork. You see me here, I have envy of the simple life. I am content of to do it—comme ca—as that, see you," waving in the direction of his unfinished repast. "All that magnificence of your grand hotel, there is not the why of it, the most big of the world, and suchly stupefying, with its 'infernil rackit' as you say. And of more—what droll of idea, enough curious, by example! to dwell with the good Philippe and his femme aimable. Their hotel is of the most litties, but I rest here very volunteerly since longtime. Is it that one can to comprehend liking the vast hotel American?"

"Monsieur le Baron lodges with us; we have so much of the chambers," ventured Celine.

"Monsieur le Baron wishes to retire to his apartment," said Philippe, raising the ironing-board. "Will madame be so good to enter our petit salon at the front, n'est-ce-pas?"

The baron stepped forth from his corner and bowed himself graciously out.

"Madame, my compliments—and to the adorable Mademoiselle Bines! Au revoir, madame—to the soontime—avant peu—before little!"

On the farther side of his closed door the Baron Ronault de Palliac swore—once. But the oath was one of the most awful that a Frenchman may utter in his native tongue: "Sacre Name of a Name!"

"But the baron wasn't done eating," protested Mrs. Bines.

"Ah, yes, madame!" replied Philippe. "Monsieur le Baron has consumed enough for now. Paul, mon enfant, ne touche pas la robe de madame! He is large, is he not, madame, as I have told you? A monster, yes?"

Mrs. Bines, stooping, took the limp and wide-eyed Paul up in her arms. Whereupon he began to talk so fast to her in French that she set him quickly down again, with the slightly helpless air of one who has picked up an innocent looking clock only to have the clanging alarm go suddenly off.

"Madame will honor our little salon," urged Philippe, opening the door and bowing low.

"Quel dommage!" sighed Celine, moving after them; "la seule chemise blanche de Monsieur le Baron. Eh bien! il faut lui en acheter une autre!"

At dinner that evening Mrs. Bines related her adventure, to the unfeigned delight of her graceless son, and to the somewhat troubled amazement of her daughter.

"And do you know," she ventured, "maybe he isn't a regular baron after all!"

"Oh, I guess he's a regular one, all right," said Percival; "only perhaps he hasn't worked at it much lately."

"But his sitting there eating in that—that shirt—" said his sister.

"My dear young woman, even the nobility are prey to climatic rigors; they are obliged, like the wretched low-born such as ourselves, to wear—pardon me—undergarments. Again, I understand from Mrs. Cadwallader here that the article in question was satisfactory and fit—red, I believe you say, Mr. Terwilliger?"

"Awful red!" replied his mother—"and they call their parlor a saloon."

"And of necessity, even the noble have their moments of deshabille."

"They needn't eat their lunch that way," declared his sister.

"Is deshabille French for underclothes?" asked Mrs. Bines, struck by the word.

"Partly," answered her son.

"And the way that child of Philippe's jabbered French! It's wonderful how they can learn so young."

"They begin early, you know," Percival explained. "And as to our friend the baron, I'm ready to make book that sis doesn't see him again, except at a distance."

Sometime afterwards he computed the round sum he might have won if any such bets had been made; for his sister's list of suitors, to adopt his own lucent phrase, was thereafter "shy a baron."

(To be Continued To-morrow.)

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Joseph O. Jorgens to Ole Jorgens, lot 3, block 4, Allan & Anderson's addition, $750.

David P. Jones and wife to Christian Y. Nelson, lots 12 and 13, block 9, Smith & Howe's first addition, $100.

Myrtle R. Higgins and husband to Sara B. Archambo, part of lot 2, block 68, Town of Minneapolis, $3,500.

Edwin C. Best and wife to Frank H. Barney, lot 8, block 1, Lyndale Avenue addition, $5,000.

Mutual Benefit Life Insurance company to William A. Jones, part of lots 1 and 2, block 6, Ridgewood addition, $16,000.

Commonwealth T. insurance and Trust company to Pratt's Express company, lots 1, 2 and 3, block 50, St. Anthony Falls, $6,632.

Mary B. Coombs to Barney Anderson, lot 8, and part of lot 2, block 2, Atwater's addition, and part of block B, B. J. S. & W. Elliot's addition, $2,000.

Sophia M. Alther, executrix, to Nils C. Soenson, lot 10, and subdivision block 30, Murphy's addition, $3,000.

Emma A. Blakeman, executrix, to George Cutts, part of lot 3, block 7, Gale's second addition, $1,050.

Emma A. Blakeman to George Cutts, part of lot 8, block 7, Gale's second addition, $1,050.

George D. Bartlett and wife to John L. Hague, part of lot 2, block 20, Groveland addition, $2,000.

Ann T. Abbott and wife to Frederick L. Washburn, fractional part lot 6, block 4, Mill company's addition, and fractional lot in block 8, Tuttle's addition, $5,800.

Nels E. Benson and wife to Annie Bennett, lot 13, etc., block 16, Silver Lake addition, $1,500.

Edwin A. Merrill and wife to Swan Huttin, lots 13 and 14, block 14, South Side addition, $400.

Eva H. Allen and husband to Anton E. Olson and wife, lots 20 and 21, block 2, John B. Jackson's additon, $1,600.

The Mechanics and Workingmen's Loan and Building Association to Arthur N. Getchell and of lots 29 and 30, block 1, Blooming Prairie addition, $1,200.

The Mechanics and Workingmen's Loan and Building Association to Arthur N. Getchell and wife, part lot 15, block 10, Forest Heights, $1,250.

W. D. Gray and wife to Charles E. Ogren, lot 5, block 2, Monroe Brothers' addition, $675.

Charles S. Hale et al to Maggie E. Brown, lot 3, etc., south half lot 2, block 10, Remington's third addition, $337.

Anna F. Walter to John J. Jones, part of lot 12, block 1, Prospect Park third division, $500.

Paul E. Van Kuster to Ferdinand Leitzke, lot 6, block 3, Murdough's addition, $250.

Guy E. Sessions and wife to Minneapolis Plumbing company, part of lots 1 and 2, block 20, Groveland addition, $1,550.

Frederick M. Scott and wife to Jens Peterson, part of lots 7 and 8, block 7, Wolverton's addition, $1,400.

Frank M. Prince and wife to J. I. Case Threshing Machine company, lot 11 and part lot 9, block 45, Town of Minneapolis, $10,000.

Samuel Hill and wife to J. I. Case Threshing Machine company, part of lot 9, block 45, Town of Minneapolis, $6,000.

Gilbert A. Phillips to Minnesota Loan and Trust company, west half lot 1, block 3, Hancock & Rice's addition, $4,500.

Jensina Nordby and husband to Hans F. Lind and wife, lot 3, block 2, A. Y. Davidson's addition, $915.

John Kral and wife to Bridget J. Ryan, lots 18, 19 and 20, block 86, West Minneapolis, second division, $800.

A. G. Holmdale to Jonas F. Anderson, lot 25, block 2, Monroe Brothers' addition, $175.

P. D. Irons and wife to Frederick M. Scott, part of lots 7 and 8, block 7, Wolverton's addition, $1,400.

Five minor deeds, $29.

Total, 36 deeds, $93,423.

BUILDING PERMITS.

Shattuck & Zonne, 234 Nicollet avenue, new store front and interior alterations, $1,000.

John Dickson, 342 Fourth street SE, dwelling, $1,000.

Joseph Hessel, 2902 Second avenue S, dwelling, $3,500.

Joheph Hessel, 2906 Second avenue S, dwelling, $3,500.

Hugh Morrison, 3205 Elliot avenue, dwelling, $1,600.

Fourteen minor permits, $1,910.

Total, $13,010.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Christ Rechtfertig and Julia Williams.
William Lyons and Rose Annie Kretter.
Charles Arrell and Martha Ricard.
Fritz Petrik and Mary Dupey.
Charles Chadwick and Amanda Schroeder.
Charles E. Holman and Era T. Carlson.
Alexander Stroltz and Isabelle Connelly.
George Ficken and Meda McCausland.
Gotfred Hilson and Ragnhild Erickson.
August F. Dunning and Augusta J. Peterson.
Joseph W. Dalley and Alma Lundborg.

BIRTHS.

Swanson, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew, 1310 Lyndale avenue N, girl.

King, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent L., Judd House, girl.

Odell, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton, 2836 Irving avenue S, boy.

Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. C. W., 416 Fifteenth avenue SE, boy.

Kutzink, Mr. and Mrs. T., 1516 Grant street NE, girl.

Comstock, Mr. and Mrs. James M., 680 Broadway NE, boy.

Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Emil, 70 Twenty-fourth street NE, girl.

Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew, corner Fifty-fourth street and Penn avenue S, girl.

Carlson, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar, 3435 Oakland avenue, boy.

Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. A. R., 1814 Tenth avenue S, girl.

Schuyler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles N., 1317 Sixth avenue N, boy.

DEATHS.

Davis, Cynthia C., St. Barnabas hospital.
Hartig, Johanna, 914 Eighteenth avenue N.
Johnson, Henry T., 2818 Bryant avenue N.
Gill, August, 122 Hennepin avenue.
Birrgham, W. H., 3712 Grand avenue.
Gabrielson, Clarence L., 923 Washington avenue S.
Bowen, Catherine, St. Mary's hospital.
Vaage, Ole, city hospital.
Wheelock, Emma, 2710 Fifteenth avenue S.
Longset, Andrew, St. Barnabas hospital.
Hayward, Susan, city hospital.
Lueck, Estella, 3038 Bloomington avenue.
Christy, Richard W., 2112 Fourth avenue S.

$50 to San Francisco or Los Angeles and Return.

Tickets on sale via Chicago Great Western Railway May 3 and May 12-18. Good to return June 15. Stopovers allowed. For further information apply to L. C. Rains, general agent, corner Nicollet avenue and Fifth street, Minneapolis.

Dit It Ever Occur to You?

"The Short Line" to St. Louis, Des Moines, Omaha and Kansas City is via the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad. Bear this in mind. W. L. Hathaway, City Ticket Agent, No. 1 Washington avenue S.

Carey's Magnesia Cement Roofing.

The most durable, economical and practical fire-proof roofing made. W. S. Nott Company. Both 'phones, 376.

AILING WOMEN

Women with sallow complexions, bad stomach, constipated, all out of sorts and nervous, Rea Bros' CASCARIN cures to stay cured. The best prescription that medical science has been able to put forth. Cures after all have failed and we guarantee it. Sold by druggists. Price 50 cents or sample sent free. Rea Bros., Minneapolis, Louisville, New York.

MECCA FOR CRIPPLES

CRUTCHES THROWN AWAY BY THOSE WHO ARE CURED WITH MARVELOUS SKILL.

In a small but picturesque town in the northwest there is located a building that has become famous for the wonderful and almost miraculous things that has happened within its walls.

Situated on the bluffs in the eastern part of the town of Hudson, Wis., from which a magnificent view of the city of Hudson and the valley of the St. Croix river may be had, is to be found the establishment presided over by Dr. W. C. Arons.

The large and commodious building is located in the center of a large tract of ground, surrounded by large trees and shrubbery.

The building is handsomely furnished and provided with all the modern conveniences of baths, light and heat.

The number, as well as the character, of the troubles treated here will astonish any one who has not investigated the matter. This is the home for cripples of Dr. W. C. Arons, who makes a specialty of dislocations of the limbs, etc., and which are in many cases pronounced incurable.

In the treatment here will be found one of the surprises, as well as the prime causes, or reasons for success. The work is done entirely with bare hands, without the use of anaesthetic, knife, brace, stay or any mechanical appliance whatever—not even a plaster cast. This is a method entirely new, and unknown to the profession at large. Patients come to the office on crutches, in chairs and wearing all sorts of braces, jackets and other appliances, and go away walking upright and without assistance. They come crippled and in many cases after years of treatment pronounced incurable and have gone away cured and happy. The curio room is filled with all sorts of braces, jackets, shoes, crutches and other appliances that have been discarded by patients cured at this place.

Yet not all cripples can be cured—and Dr. Arons has told many who have consulted him that he could not nor could any one cure them.

Many who have consulted him would have been saved many dollars and much pain had they been as honestly treated elsewhere.

One patient thus told by Dr. Arons that there was no help, replied that "money was no object," but was firmly but kindly told that no amount of money or treatment could effect a cure. This party is well and prominently known in the Twin Cities.

There are many hundreds of people throughout the Northwest who can testify to the skill of the doctor, and a large number who can testify to his frankness and honesty in refusing to treat a case where a cure or prominent relief was impossible.

This system of treatment has been practiced by Dr. Arons for almost 27 years and with him is no longer an experiment.

A talk with patients in the home only made stronger the facts above set out. In fact, a careful investigation of many individual cases developed some strange and very marvelous facts.

Cases of 10 and 25 years' standing, that have refused to respond to all other treatment, cured almost instantly. One case where death had been predicted as the only result, but the patient is now not only alive, but the trouble removed and long life in prospect.

Every mail brings not only inquiries, but letters testifying the gratitude of those who have been cured of what seemed to be the most grievious as well as an incurable affliction.

At this beautiful town of Hudson, Wis., any one who desires may find out for themselves the truth of the above statements.

Dr. Arons by his methods has shown himself to be far in advance of all others, either in this country or in Europe, as an ortheopedic surgeon.

The number of testimonials in his possession from prominent people all over the Northwest are certainly enough to guarantee to the crippled the wonderful results that he has given others.

Dr. Arons in all of his advertisements urges all interested in his work to write first before coming to Hudson, and describe, as nearly as they can, how they are crippled. If from what they say it is clear that he cannot help them, he says so, and they are not put to any further expense.—D. C. McConn, in Minneapolis Tribune, May 10, 1903.

NEW NORTHWESTERN POSTMASTERS.

Washington, May 12.—Postmasters were appointed to-day as follows: Minnesota—Echo, Yellow Medicine county, Charles S. Chapman. Montana—Dorsey, Meagher county, Frank S. Champion; Otter, Custer county, Sanford L. Pierce. North Dakota—St. John, Rolette county, Hubert Brooks. South Dakota—Pioneer, Edmunds county, George Calder. Iowa—Galva, Ida county, Charles F. Burger; Juniata, Buena Vista county, A. C. Gossett. Wisconsin—Brantwood, Price county, Carl R. Sorenson.

WANT Pages 12 and 13

ANNOUNCEMENTS

CARS OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS MADE UP FOR Pacific coast; frequent shipments and big saving in freight; see us before shipping. Boyd Transfer and Storage Co., 46 S 3d st.

ASSAYER AND CHEMIST

ASSAYS AND ANALYSES ACCURATELY made at reasonable rates; 20 years' experience; correspondence solicited. Dr. C. W. Drew, 416-420 Century building, Minneapolis. Telephone connections.

AUCTION SALES

AUCTION SALE—ALL UNCLAIMED EXPRESS matter of the Western Express Co. will be sold at auction Thursday, May 14, 1903, at 9 a. m., 243 Hennepin av. De B. O. Scott, auctioneer.

BUSINESS SPECIALS

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, ETC., PERMANENTLY removed by electricity. Miss Hollister, 77-78 Syndicate block. Pioneer stand of the northwest. Exclusive specialist.

BICYCLES AND AUTOMOBILES

HONESTLY—I FIX BICYCLES. TONY JOHNSON, Phoenix Bldg. T. C. 1355.

O. FENSTERMACHER, THE BICYCLE MAN, formerly at 114 6th st S, moved to 503 2d av S.

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TURKISH, RUSSIAN, VAPOR, SULPHUR AND shampoo baths; electric treatments and massage; special attention given to rheumatic patients. Roney Bath Parlors, 121 6th st S. Phone 3620 L2.

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Irregular menstruation quickly cured; forty years' experience; offices open until 10 at night. Dr. Wheeler, Globe building, Minneapolis. Telephones, N. W., Main 1753-J1; T. C., 535. Good home for patients.

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DANCING CLASSES MONDAY EVENING, with social following; buck and wing and private by appointment. Holcomb's Academy, 43 4th st S, third floor.

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FOUND—THAT WE REPAIR GASOLENE AND oil stoves, lawn mowers, carpet sweepers, wringers, pumps and all household utensils. Shop, 618 1st av S.

LOST—BUNCH OF KEYS TIED WITH YELlow ribbon, Saturday night. Return to 340 Lumber Exchange, for reward.

LOST—A RUBBER COUPE TIRE; FINDER please return to 404 Clifton av, for reward.

FOUND—BICYCLE. OWNER CAN HAVE SAME by identifying and paying for this ad. H. C. A., 3636 Snelling av.

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LOST—A GOLD WATCH, ROYAL WALTHAM movement; monogram J. M. G. B. on back; finder return to 506 Bank of Commerce bldg., and get reward.

LOST—LADY'S POCKETBOOK, SUNDAY EVEning, between 9